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Lovell

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SONGS AND SONNETS  
BY  
RICHARD LOVELACE



1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971). The concentration of chlorophylls was expressed in  $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$  of the sample.

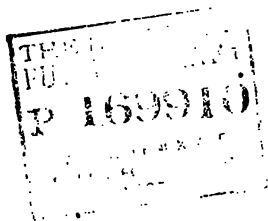


*Tell me not, (Sweet,) I am unkind,  
That from the Nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
To Warre and Armes I Flye.*



SONGS AND SONNETS  
BY  
RICHARD LOVELACE.

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## RICHARD LOVELACE

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**“RICHARD LOVELACE**, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woollidge in Kent, Knight, was born in that country in 1618, educated in grammar learning in Charterhouse School near London, became a gent. commoner of Gloucester Hall in the beginning of the year 1634, and in that of his age sixteen, being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty,



## RICHARD LOVELACE

virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex. In 1636, when the King and Queen were for some days entertained at Oxon, he was, at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen, made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of the University, actually created, among other persons of quality, Master of Arts, though but of two years' standing; at which time his conversation being made public and consequently his ingenuity and generous soul discovered, he became as much admired by the male, as before by the female, sex. After he had left the University, he retired in great splendour to the Court, and being taken into the favour of Lord George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, was by him adopted a soldier, and sent in the quality of an ensign, in the Scotch expedition an. 1639." Such is the account left by Anthon Wood of Lovelace's youth.

## RICHARD LOVELACE

Although Whitelock, in his *Memoirs*, speaks very highly of Goring's military character, the campaign—if such it may be called—of 1639 can have afforded Lovelace scant opportunity for the display of any soldierly qualities he may have possessed. The general-in-chief of the army was the Earl of Arundell, who had never looked on the face of war; the command of the horse, through the influence of the Queen, had been given to the Earl of Holland, “the most incompetent of men” and, according to Sir Philip Warwick, “fitter for a show than a field”; while to the Earl of Essex, whose military experience, gained in the Palatinate, was next to nothing, was assigned the office of second in command of the entire Army. A contemporary account speaks of the march of the army to the North resembling a triumphal procession rather than a military expedition, and of the prevalent idea being that the campaign would terminate in bloodless compromise rather than in active warfare. Sir John

## RICHARD LOVELACE

Suckling, in a letter written to a friend from the banks of the Tweed, voices this general sentiment. He says :

“ We are at length arrived at that river, about the uneven running of which, my friend, Mr. William Shakspeare makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow-rebels ; and, for his sake, I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in ; but cannot find it could deserve his choler ; nor any of the other side, ours ; did not the King think it did.

The account I shall now give you of the war, will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the four-and-twenty hours is in, which we can neither call night nor day. I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lord's Covenanters' letters to our Lords here something divide me.

So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of Tweed, like the Tower

## RICHARD LOVELACE

lions in their cages ; leaving the people to think what we would do if were let loose. The enemy is not yet much visible : it may be it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as plants. But it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all to a dumb show, and so destroy a handsome opportunity, which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future chronicle.

These are but conjectures, Sir ; the last part of my letter I reserve for a great and known truth, which is, that I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

John Suckling."

It is a matter of history how, after weeks wasted by Charles in fruitless negotiations, a detachment of 3,000 foot and 300 horse under the Earl of Holland was sent upon June 3rd to drive out a considerable Scottish force which had established itself at Kelso ; how Holland, finding his force outnumbered, retreated—contemporary ac-



## RICHARD LOVELACE

who never wanted in personal bravery, upon receipt of the news set out from London for York, to place himself at the head of his army, hurriedly got together, without a commander, and already disordered. On the 25th of August the Scottish army, 25,000 strong, crossed the Tweed, and by the 28th were at Newburn, about four miles above Newcastle, where the Tyne is fordable. The raw English troops opposed to them, under the command of Conway, had never been under fire. They threw down their arms, and fled. The cavalry, under Astley, were driven from the field at the first charge. Astley endeavoured to rally his men, but the Scots, with Leslie in person at their head, charged once more and put them to rout. Such as were not taken prisoners fled to Durham, where they were re-joined on the 30th by the retreating infantry. Newcastle, left to its fate, was occupied by the Scots, who were not slow in following up their advantage, and forcing upon Charles the unpala-

## RICHARD LOVELACE

table Treaty of Ripon. At the conclusion of the Treaty, Lovelace retired to his native country, with the rank of Captain, and took possession of his estate at Lovelace Place, in the parish of Bethersden, at Canterbury.

Small share of military glory had Lovelace got in either campaign ; what was more important in shaping his life was the fact that his loyalty to his King had steadily grown as the King's cause became more and more desperate. In April, 1642, he was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver to the House of Commons the Kentish Petition for the restoring of the King to his rights, and for settling the government—"For which piece of service he was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster, when he made that celebrated song called *Stone walls do not a Prison make, &c.*"

After seven weeks' imprisonment he was liberated on bail at £4,000, "not to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the

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speaker. During the time of this confinement to London, he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the King's cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c. Also, by furnishing his two brothers, Colonel Franc. Lovelace and Captain William Lovelace, with men and money for the King's cause, and his other brother, called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace, with moneys for his maintenance in Holland, to study tactics and fortification in that school of war."

In 1646, after the rendition of Oxford, partly impelled thereto by the utter hopelessness of the cause of the King he loved but was unable to serve, and partly owing to his having well-nigh consumed his estate, he left England, and formed a regiment, of which he was colonel, for the service of Louis XIV. in the Netherlands. At Dunkirk he was severely wounded, but recovered, and



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appears to have served in the Netherlands until his return to England in 1648, when he, together with his brother Dudley Posthumus, who had served as a captain under him, "were both committed prisoners to Peter House, in London, where he framed his poems for the press, entitled, *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.*, Lond. 1649, Oct. The reason why he gave that title was because, some time before, he had made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverell whom he usually called *Lux casta*; but she, upon a stray report that Lovelace was dead of his wound received at Dunkirk, soon after married."

Shortly after the execution of Charles I. Lovelace was set at liberty, but he was a broken man, in spirit and in fortune. He "grew very melancholy," says Anthony Wood, "(which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloathes (whereas when he was in

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his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants. . . . He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was buried in the west-end of the church of S. Bride, alias Bridget, in London, near the body of his kinsman Will. Lovelace, of Gray's Inn, Esq., in sixteen hundred fifty and eight, having before been accounted by all those that well knew him to have been a person well versed in Greek and Latin poets, in music, whether practical or theoretical, instrumental or vocal, and in other things befitting a gentleman. Some of the said persons have also added, in my hearing, that his common discourse was not only significant and witty, but incomparably graceful, which drew respect from all men and women."

FITZROY CARRINGTON.





SONG

---

*TO LUCASTA*

---

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

I.

**I**F to be absent were to be  
    Away from thee ;  
Or that when I am gone,  
    You or I were alone ;

[ 1 ]

## GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

Then my *Lucasta* might I crave  
Pity from blustering winde, or swallowing wave.

### II.

But I'le not sigh one blast or gale  
    To swell my saile,  
    Or pay a teare to swage  
    The foaming blew-Gods rage ;  
For whether he will let me passe  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

### III.

Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,  
    Our Faith and Troth,  
    Like separated soules,  
    All time and space controules :  
Above the highest sphere wee meet,  
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet.

## GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

### IV.

So then we doe anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' th' skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd  
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.



SONG

---

*TO LUCASTA*

---

GOING TO THE WARRES

I.

**T**ELL me not, (Sweet,) I am unkinde,  
That from the Nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
To Warre and Armes I flie.

[ 4 ]

## GOING TO THE WARRES

### II.

True : a new Mistresse now I chase,  
The first Foe in the Field;  
And with a stronger Faith imbrace  
A Sword, a Horse, a Shield.

### III.

Yet this Inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,  
Lov'd I not Honour more.





## A P A R A D O X

I.

'T IS true the beauteous Starre  
To which I first did bow  
Burnt quicker, brighter far,  
Then that which leads me now ;  
Which shines with more delight,  
For gazing on that light  
So long, neere lost my sight.

[ 6 ]

## A PARADOX

### II.

Through foule we follow faire,  
For had the World one face  
And Earth been bright as Ayre,  
We had knowne neither place;  
*Indians* smell not their Neast;  
*A Swisse* or *Finne* tastes best  
The spices of the East.

### III.

So from the glorious Sunne  
Who to his height hath got,  
With what delight we runne  
To some black Cave or Grot!  
And, Heav'nly *Sydney* you  
Twice read, had rather view  
Some odde Romance, so new.

### IV.

The God, that constant keepes  
Unto his Dieties,

## A PARADOX

Is poore in Joyes, and sleeps  
Imprison'd in the skies.  
This knew the wisest, who  
From *Juno* stole, below  
To love a Beare, or Cow.

S O N G

---

*T O A M A R A N T H A*

---

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL  
HER HAIRE

I.

*A* *MARANTHA* sweet and faire,  
Ah brade no more that shining haire !  
As my curious hand or eye,  
Hovering round thee let it flye.

II.

Let it flye as unconfin'd  
As it's calme Ravisher, the winde,  
Who hath left his darling th' East,  
To wanton o're that spicie Neast.

III.

Ev'ry Tresse must be confest ;  
But neatly tangled at the best ;

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL  
HER HAIRE

Like a Clue of golden thread,  
Most excellently ravelled.

IV.

Doe not then winde up that light  
In Ribands, and o'er-cloud in Night,  
Like the Sun in's early ray;  
But shake your head, and scatter day.

V.

See 'tis broke ! Within this Grove,  
The Bower and the walkes of Love,  
Weary lye we downe and rest,  
And fanne each other's panting breast.

VI.

Heere wee'll strippe and coole our fire,  
In Creame below, in milke-baths higher :  
And when all Well's are drawne dry,  
I'le drink a teare out of thine eye.

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL  
HER HAIRE

VII.

Which our very Joys shall leave,  
That sorrowes thus we can deceive ;  
Or our very sorrowes weepe,  
*That joyes so ripe so little keepe.*



## SONNET

### I.

**D**EPOSE your finger of that Ring,  
And Crowne mine with't awhile ;  
Now I restor't—Pray, do's it bring  
Back with it more of soile ?  
Or shines it not as innocent,  
As honest, as before 'twas lent ?

## SONNET

### II.

So then inrich me with that Treasure,  
' Twill but increase your store,  
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure  
Must please you still the more.  
Not to save others is a curse  
The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse.



ODE

---

TO LUCASTA

---

THE ROSE

I.

SWEET serene skye-like Flower,  
Haste to adorn her Bower;  
From thy long cloudy bed  
Shoot forth thy damaske head.

II.

New-startled blush of *Flora* !  
The grieve of pale *Aurora*,  
Who will contest no more,  
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

## THE ROSE

### III.

Vermilion Ball, that's given  
From lip to lip in Heaven ;  
Loves Couches cover-led,  
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

### IV.

Dear Offspring of pleas'd *Venus*,  
And jollie plumpe *Silenus* ;  
Haste, haste, to decke the Haire,  
Of th' only sweetly Faire.

### V.

See ! Rosie is her Bower,  
Her floore is all this flower ;  
Her Bed a Rosie nest  
By a Bed of Roses prest.

## THE ROSE

### VI

But early as she dresses,  
Why fly you her bright Tresses?  
Ah! I have found, I feare ;  
Because her Cheekes are neere.





SONG

---

LOVE CONQUER'D

I.

**T**HE childish God of Love did swear  
Thus ; By my awfull Bow and Quiver,  
Yon' weeping, kissing, smiling pair,  
I'le scatter all their vows 'ith Ayr,  
And their knit imbraces shiver.

## LOVE CONQUER'D

### II.

Up then to th' head with his best Art  
Full of spite and envy blowne,  
At her constant Marble Heart,  
He drawes his swiftest surest Dart,  
Which bounded back, and hit his owne.

### III.

Now the Prince of fires burnes !  
Flames in the luster of her eyes ;  
Triumphant she, refuses, scornes ;  
He submits, adornes and mournes,  
And in his Votresse Sacrifice.

### IV.

Foolish Boy ! Resolve me now  
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard ?  
He weeping kneel'd, and made a vow,  
The world shall love as yon' fast two,  
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.



## A LOOSE SARABAND

### I.

**A**H me! the little Tyrant Theefe!  
As once my heart was playing,  
He snatcht it up and flew away,  
Laughing at all my praying.

[ 19 ]

## A LOOSE SARABAND

### II.

Proud of his purchase he surveyes  
And curiously sounds it,  
And though he sees it full of wounds,  
Cruel still on he wounds it.

### III.

And now this heart is all his sport,  
Which as a Ball he boundeth  
From hand to breast, from breast to lip,  
And all it's rest confoundeth.

### IV.

Then as a Top he sets it up,  
And pitifully whips it ;  
Sometimes he cloathes it gay and fine,  
Then straight againe he strips it.

### V.

He cover'd it with *false believe*,  
Which gloriously show'd it ;  
And for a morning-Cushionet  
On's mother he bestow'd it.

## A LOOSE SARABAND

### VI.

Each day, with her small brazen stings,  
A thousand times she rac'd it ;  
But then at night, bright with her Gemmes,  
Once neere her breast she plac'd it.

### VII.

There warme it gan to throb and bleed ;  
She knew that smart, and grieved ;  
At length this poore condemned Heart  
With these rich drugges repreeved.

### VIII.

She washt the wound with a fresh teare,  
Which my *Lucasta* dropped,  
And in the sleeve-silke of her haire  
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

### IX.

She proab'd it with her constancie,  
And found no Rancor nigh it ;  
Only the anger of her eye  
Had wrought some proud flesh by it.



## A LOOSE SARABAND

### X.

Then prest she Narde in ev'ry veine  
Which from her kisses trilled ;  
And with balme heald all its paine,  
That from her hand distilled.

### XI.

But yet this heart avoyds me still,  
Will not by me be owned ;  
But's fled to its *physitians* breast ;  
There proudly sits inthroned.



SONG

---

ORPHEUS TO BEASTS

I.

**H**ERE, here, oh here ! *Euridice*,  
Here was she slaine ;  
Her soule 'still'd through a veine :  
The Gods knew lesse  
That time Divinitie,  
Then ev'n, ev'n these  
Of brutishnesse.

## ORPHEUS TO BEASTS

### II.

Oh! could you view the Melodie  
Of ev'ry grace,  
And Musick of her face,  
You'd drop a teare,  
Seeing more Harmonie  
In her bright eye,  
Then now you heare.



## DIALOGUE

---

LUCASTA, ALEXIS

I.

*Lucasta*

**T**ELL me, *Alexis*, what this parting is,  
That so like dying is, but is not it?

*Alexis*

It is a swooning for a while from blisse,  
'Till kind *how doe you* calls us from the fit.

[ 25 ]

## DIALOGUE

*Chorus*

If then the spirits only stray, let mine  
Fly to thy bosome, and my soule to thine :  
Thus in our native seate we gladly give  
Our right for one, where we can better live.

II.

*Lucasta* . . . . .

But ah, this ling'ring, murd'ring farewell !  
Death quickly wounds, and wounding cures the ill.

*Alexis*

It is the glory of the valiant lover,  
Still to be dying, still for to recover.

*Chorus*

Soldiers suspected of their courage goe,  
That ensignes and their breasts untorne show :  
Love nee're his standard, where his hoste he sets,  
Creates alone fresh-bleeding bannerets.

[ 26 ]

## DIALOGUE

### III.

*Alexis*

But part we, when thy figure I retaine  
Still in my heart, still strongly in mine eye?

*Lucasta*

Shadowes no longer than the sun remaine,  
But whe his beams, that made 'em fly, they fly.

*Chorus*

Vaine dreames of love! that only so much blisse  
Allow us, as to know our wretchednesse;  
And deale a larger measure in our paine  
By showing joy, then hiding it againe.

### IV.

*Alexis*

No, whilst light raigns, *Lucasta* still rules here,  
And all the night shine wholly in this sphere.

*Lucasta*

I know no morne but my *Alexis* ray,  
To my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.

## DIALOGUE

*Chorus*

*Alexis*

So in each other if the pitying sun  
Thus keep us fixt, nere may his course be run !

*Lucasta*

And oh ! if night us undivided make ;  
Let us sleepe still, and sleeping never wake !

*The Close*

Cruel *adieux* may well adjourne awhile  
The sessions of a looke, a kisse, or smile,  
And leave behinde an angry grieving blush ;  
But time nor fate can part us joined thus.



## SONNET

---

I.

WHEN I by thy faire shape did sweare,  
And mingled with each Vowe a teare,  
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,  
I swore as I profest ;  
For all the while you lasted warme and pure,  
My Oathes too did endure ;

[ 29 ]



## SONNET

But once turn'd faithlesse to thy selfe, and Old,  
They then with thee incessantly grew Cold.

### II.

I swore my selfe thy sacrifice  
By th' *Ebon* Bowes that guard thine eyes,  
Which now are alter'd White,  
And by the glorious Light  
Of both those Stars, of which their spheres bereft,  
Only the Gellie's left:  
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,  
Then swearing to a Saint that proves untrue.



S O N G

---

L U C A S T A   W E E P I N G

I.

*L*UCASTA wept, and still the bright  
Inamour'd God of Day,  
With his soft Handkercher of Light,  
Kist the wet Pearles away.

[ 31 ]

## LUCASTA WEEPING

### II.

But when her Teares his heate ore'came,  
In Cloudes he quensht his beames,  
And griev'd, wept out his Eye of Flame,  
So drowned her sad Streames.

### III.

At this she smil'd, when straight the Sun  
Cleer'd, with her kinde desires ;  
And by her eyes Reflection,  
Kindled againe his Fires.



UPON THE CURTAIN OF *LU-*  
*CASTA'S* PICTURE IT WAS  
THUS WROUGHT

Oh, stay that Covetous hand—first turn all Eye,  
All Depth, and minde ; then Mystically spye  
Her Soul's faire Picture, her faire Soul's, in all  
So truly Copied from th' Originall,  
That you will swear her Body by this Law  
Is but its shadow, as this its ;—now draw.



SONNET

---

ELLINDA'S GLOVE

I.

**T**HOU snowy Farme with thy five Tenements!  
Tell thy white Mistris here was one,  
That call'd to pay his dayly Rents ;  
But she a-gathering Flowr's and Hearts is gone,  
And thou left voyd to rude Possession.

## ELLINDA'S GLOVE

### II.

But grieve not, pretty *Ermin* Cabinet,  
Thy Alabaster Lady will come home;  
If not, what Tenant can there fit  
The slender turnings of thy narrow Roome,  
But must ejected be by his owne dombe?

### III.

Then give me leave to leave my Rent with thee:  
Five kisses, one unto a place:  
For though the *Lute's* too high for me,  
Yet Servants, knowing Minikin nor Base,  
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the Case.



SONG

---

THE SCRUTINIE

I.

WHY should you swear I am forsworn,  
Since thine I vow'd to be?  
Lady, it is already Morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

## THE SCRUTINIE

### II.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve houres space?  
I must all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new imbrace ;  
Could I still dote upon thy Face.

### III

Not, but all joy in thy browne haire  
By others may be found ;  
But I must search the black and faire,  
Like skilfull Minerallist's that sound  
For Treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

### IV.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;  
With spoyles of meaner Beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n sated with Varietie.





A S O N G

---

THE VINTAGE TO THE  
D U N G E O N

I.

**S**ING out, pent Soules, sing cheerefully!  
Care Shackles you in Liberty:  
Mirth frees you in Captivity.  
Would you double fetters adde?  
Else why so sadde?

# THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON

## *Chorus*

Besides you pinion'd armes you'l find  
Griefe too can manckell the minde.

## II.

Live then Pris'ners uncontrol'd;  
Drink oth' strong, the Rich, the Old,  
Till Wine too hath your Wits in hold;  
Then if still your Jollitie  
And Throats are free;

## *Chorus*

Tryumph in your Bonds and Paines,  
And daunce to th' Musick of your Chaines.



E P O D E

---

*T O L U C A S T A*

---

F R O M P R I S O N

I.

**L**ONG in thy shackels, liberty  
I ask not from these walls, but thee ;  
Left for awhile another's bride,  
To fancy all the world beside.

[ 40 ]

## FROM PRISON

### II.

Yet e're I doe begin to love,  
See how I all my objects prove ;  
Then my free soule to that confine,  
' Twere possible I might call mine.

### III.

First I would be in love with *Peace*,  
And her rich swelling breasts increase,  
But how, alas ! how may that be,  
Despising earth, she will love me ?

### IV.

Faine would I be in love with *War*,  
As my deare just avenging star ;  
But War is lov'd so ev'rywhere,  
Ev'n he disdaines a lodging here.

### V.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,  
Faire thorough-shot *Religion* ;

## FROM PRISON

But he lives only that kills thee,  
And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

### VI.

I would love a *Parliament*  
As a maine prop from Heav'n sent;  
But ah! Who's he that would be wedded  
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

### VII.

Next would I court my *Liberty*,  
And then my birth-right, *Property*;  
But can that be, when it is knowne  
There's nothing you can call your owne?

### VIII.

A *Reformation* I would have,  
As for our griefes a Sov'raigne salve;  
That is, a cleansing of each wheele  
Of state, that yet some rust doth feele.

## FROM PRISON

### IX.

But not a reformation so  
As to reforme were to ore'throw,  
Like watches by unskilfull men  
Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

### X.

The *Publick Faith* I would adore,  
But she is banke-rupt of her store :  
Nor how to trust her can I see,  
For she that couzens all, must me.

### XI.

Since then none of these can be  
Fit objects for my love and me ;  
What then remaines, but th' only spring  
Of all our loves and joyes, the KING ?

### XII.

He who, being the whole ball  
Of day on earth, lends it to all ;

## FROM PRISON

When seeking to eclipse his right,  
Blinded we stand in our owne light.

### XIII.

And now an universall mist  
Of error is spread or'e each breast,  
With such a fury edg'd as is  
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyse.

### XIV.

Oh, from the glorious starry waine  
Dispense on me one sacred beame  
To light me where I soone may see  
How to serve you, and you trust me !



SONG

---

TO *ALTHEA*

---

FROM PRISON

I.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my Gates ;  
And my divine *Althea* brings  
To whisper at the grates ;



## FROM PRISON

When I lye tangled in her haire,  
And fetterd to her eye,  
The Gods that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such Liberty.

### II.

When flowing Cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying *Thames*,  
Our carelesse heads with Roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyall Flames ;  
When thirsty grieve in Wine we steepe,  
When Healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tipple in the Deepe,  
Know no such Libertie.

### III.

When (like committed Linnets) I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetnes, Mercy, Majesty,  
And glories of my KING.



LOVELACE IN PRISON



## FROM PRISON

When I shall voyce aloud, how Good  
He is, how Great should be,  
Inlarged Winds, that curle the Flood,  
Know no such Liberty.

### IV.

Stone Walls doe not a Prison make,  
Nor Iron bars a Cage ;  
Mindes innocent and quiet take  
That for an Hermitage ;  
If I have freedome in my Love,  
And in my soule am free,  
Angels alone that sore above  
Enjoy such Liberty.



SONG

---

TO *LUCASTA*

---

HER RESERVED LOOKS

*LUCASTA*, frown, and let me die,  
But smile, and see, I live;  
The sad indifference of your eye  
Both kills and doth reprieve.  
You hide our fate within its screen;  
We feel our judgment, ere we hear.  
So in one picture I have seen  
An angel hear, the devil there.



SONG

---

*TO LUCASTA*

I.

**I** LAUGH and sing, but cannot tell  
Whether the folly on't sounds well ;  
But then I groan,  
Methinks, in tune ;  
Whilst grief, despair and fear dance to the air  
Of my despised prayer.

[ 51 ]

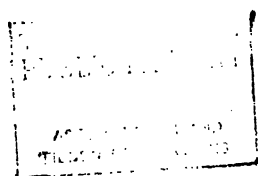
## TO LUCASTA

### II.

A pretty antick love does this,  
Then strikes a galliard with a kiss ;  
    As in the end  
    The chords they rend ;  
So you but with a touch from your fair hand  
    Turn all to saraband.







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LIST OF THE COMPOSERS WHO SET TO  
MUSIC CERTAIN SONGS AND SONNETS BY

RICHARD LOVELACE

---

MR. THOMAS CHARLES

Why should you sweare I am forsworn.

---

MR. CURTES

Here, here, oh here ! *Euridice*.

---

MR. JOHN GAMBLE

Tell me, *Alexis*, what this parting is.

---

MR. HUDSON

Depose your finger of that Ring.

---

MR. JOHN LANIERE

*Lucasta* wept, and still the bright.

Tell me not, (Sweet,) I am unkinde.

---

MR. HENRY LAWES

Ah me ! the little Tyrant Theefe !

*Amarantha* sweet and faire.

If to be Absent were to be.

The childish God of Love did sweare.

MR. WILLIAM LAWES

Sing out, pent Soules, sing cheerefully !  
When I by thy faire shape did sweare.

---

DR. JOHN WILSON

Sweet serene skye-like Flower.  
When Love with unconfined wings.

H'G

~~2~~









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